

Yeah, Okay by pastelprophet

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alcohol, Drunk Driving, I Was Drunk When I Wrote This, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, M/M, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Neil Hargrove (mentioned), Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-25

Updated: 2017-12-25

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:01:52

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,147

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy isn't okay. It's okay, but it isn't. He can pretend, but a person can only go so far before they break. A person can only go so far before they need help.

Billy needs a shit load of help.

A drabble based on many different Harringrove headcanons I've considered, but hadn't written for. Drabble for considering writing style for this OTP.

Yeah, Okay

Author's Note:

I wrote this when I was drunk, Merry Christmas, I'm gay and I love these boys. Not very long, didn't need to be, looking forward to writing actually important shit for these nerds.

So enjoy, lemme know what you think, and I hope you enjoy. Stay gay, stay okay.

Billy was wasted and still found himself turning the key in the ignition of his loved Camaro. It wasn't often when he'd risk a DUI or wrecking the car itself, but tonight was a special occasion.

He'd stood up to Neil. It wasn't fun, he didn't feel like he'd done anything to change to situation, but somehow he sat comfortably in the front seat of his car as he pulled it out of his driveway, cursing the bruise slowly blooming on his eye socket. It hurt like a motherfucker.

Nonetheless he drove, focusing all too intently on the centerline. Even so his mind tended to wander, and he questioned if he had pushed his father too far this time. The thought melted away as he quickly relit the half smoked Marlboro sitting in his ashtray.

Cutting down on his cigarettes since hanging out with the former King Harrington was a bitch of an undertaking. He'd found himself smoking a half a cigarette before school and saving the second half for after. Usually he'd be sharing a whole one with Steve in the in-between time, but today the cards hadn't quite played into his hand. Half a smoked Kool menthol was what it would have to be as he drove as quickly, yet carefully as he could.

He used to be able to drive as recklessly as he cared on the California freeway, but the Indiana State police didn't take to his speeding as easily. He'd already gotten in trouble for driving 25 miles over the speed limit, so getting caught drinking while intoxicated considering the current MADD-based policies was not an option. The negative

side effects of something like that was not an option, even as he squealed a bit around each corner, praying for escape of any kind. Driving used to be an escape, but now it was just a means to an end.

Billy just barely avoided crashing into the garage at the Harrington estate. Quickly parking the car in the empty driveway made him question how he ended up here.

It was a blur, a fluke, a sign of weakness as he opened the door and nearly flinged his loose body out of his car. He leaned against the side, trying to remember what time it was. His watch wasn't on his wrist. Only the slowly darkening bruise of someone who only pretended to take care of him to make himself look better remained.

He didn't dare to check the rest of the sore spots on his skin.

Walking on wobbly legs, Billy made his way to the front door. He knocked, with no answer.

It couldn't be that late. Surely Steve must still be up, maybe making dinner or listening to music in the foyer.

A pang of guilt echoed in his chest as his finger hovered over the doorbell. What time was it? What was going on tomorrow? Saturday? He wasn't sure at this point as he brought his finger down on the button.

He double checked the driveway, making sure Steve's parents weren't home. He was sure they weren't, since the two were planning on hanging out tomorrow. What sense would it make for Steve to invite him over? Unless he wanted Billy to finally have dinner with his folks.

Unrealistic.

Steve answered the door, rubbing his eyes as Billy stumbled in past him, trying to avoid direct eye contact.

"What the hell, it's like 1:30 in the morning, Billy," Steve complained, locking the door behind the younger teen who held onto the kitchen island for support. Inanimate objects seemed to offer it more readily than people, after all.

Pulling his jean jacket tighter, depending on the island for upright support, Billy kept his back facing the brunette whose gaze he could feel digging into his back. He didn't dare look the other in the eyes. He couldn't afford being unraveled tonight. No, he wanted nothing more than an emotionless fuck and maybe for Steve to break into his father's liquor cabinet so he could keep the barely kept together high he had. And if not there was a joint in his jacket pocket. Anything went at this point.

A tense shiver went down his spine as Steve ran a hand through his hair, pressing up against him from behind. How long had he stood there ignoring what he'd been questioning. It didn't matter, the heat of the moment filling in where the cold sunk into his bones.

"You okay?" Steve questioned, seemingly calmed down from Billy's sudden entrance.

The blonde shook his head, trying to push away every feeling that kept him vulnerable to Steve's gentle touch. He felt needy whenever Steve gave him this level of care.

"Alright, c'mon, we don't have to talk now, just let's get you cleaned up and in bed, okay?" Steve insisted, pulling him to the bathroom. "Don't hide anything time time, I'm so beyond exhausted," he inflated the meaning of his words with an exasperated yawn.

Billy stayed silent, knowing that Steve's expression changed every time his face was beat up. He was always angry when he bursted in, but soft when he realized why. Not that the reason for Billy barging in at this early morning hours was much of a realization anymore. This may have been a bit later than usual, but it wasn't the latest, and Steve was sure it wouldn't be the latest.

He'd always hated pity. Somehow it felt okay with Steve, even when he liked and said it wasn't pity. It was never anything but that, Billy convinced himself. There was no chance that Steve cared about his well being the way he said he did.

Crying wasn't something he remembered doing, but his eyes stung as he laid down in Steve's bed. Collapsed more like, but he was still laying down.

Steve went to leave.

Billy stopped him.

He didn't even need to say anything, just hold onto Steve's wrist in the dark of the boy's room.

"We're not doing anything but sleeping if I stay, okay?" Steve announced, shifting his weight as his other hand slipped around Billy's hand, moving both of their grips so he could hold onto the blond's hand reassuringly.

And Billy spoke the first words he had since he took off in the middle of the night to be here.

"Yeah," he said in a raspy tone, closing his eyes so he couldn't see Steve's stern expression soften as the lankier teen crawled into his own bed.

He always gave up his bed for Billy. He was always looking out for Billy. He was always giving what he could for Billy.

Billy hoped he could one day do the same as he drifted off to sleep, Steve's gaze on him the whole time as he followed suit.

All was fine for the time. All was fine for what it was.